

Don Robert Worthington
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and you can verify them in encyclopedias and ancient history textbooks. I was amused at an English lady who wrote in a magazine, "I Hate Christmas!" She hastened to explain, "Lest I have the entire clergy of the country damning me to perdition because of the above title, let me say that this is not an attack on . . . Christmas, but rather a plea against its overwhelming commercialism and a stand against the hypocrisy which surrounds it."

She then proceeded to voice the same weary complaints that you hear so many housewives, businessmen and store clerks give vent to during this time of year.

She marveled that a world so filled with killing and war could pause for a few hours to mouth "peace on earth," and then go back to the business of killing within moments.

She said, "I hate Christmas for all the sham and pretense and hypocritical cant that purrs along with office parties, business soirees, and end-of-the-year gatherings where praise is insincere and promises as unsubstantial as pie crusts come January 2."

This writer felt most Christmas spirit came from a bottle—and dreaded the commercialism of lot-bought Christmas cards and jostling crowds with pushing shoulders and hungry hands.

She hated Christmas for its soaring accounts, wearing shopping trips and economic hangover. She said, "Today, in the name of Christmas, we have terrifying grocery bills, tremendous butcher's bills, ridiculous toy bills, frightening florist's bills . . . (and are) in the red for six months."

Also a man once said, "I wonder what people would think of a birthday party where the man's best friends all came with birthday gifts, and then exchanged those gifts among themselves, with nothing for the friend whose birthdate they were celebrating." Well, maybe that's this world.

Every year I offer our subscribers some special booklet, gratis with my compliments, and this year I offer you these two special booklets.

THANK YOU for being a PLAIN TRUTH subscriber, and with very best wishes.

With much love, in Jesus' name,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Herbert Armstrong". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.